

THE  
Ex-Ale-tation  
O B  
A L E.

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*written by a Learned Pen*

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LONDON  
Printed by J. A. 1674

THE  
EXALTATION  
OF  
A L L E

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THE

# Ex-Ale-tation

OF

# A L E.

NOr drunken, nor sober, but neighbour to both,

I met with a Friend in *Ale-bury Vale*.

He saw by my face, that I was in the Case

To speak no great harm of a *Pat of good Ale*!

Then did he me greet, and said, since we meet,

( And he put me in mind of the name of the *Dale* )

For *Ale-bury's* sake some pains I would take,

And not buy the praise of a *pat of good Ale*.

Themore to procure me, than he did assure me  
 His *All* I drank last were nappy and Rale,  
 To do it its right, and stir up my sprites,  
 And fall to commend a *pot*, &c.

Quoth I, To commend it I dare not begin,  
 Lest therein my Credit might happen to fail;  
 For, many men now do count it a sin,  
 But once to look toward a *pot*, &c.

Yet I care not a pin, For I see no such sin,  
 Nor any thing else my courage to quail:  
 For, this we do find, that take it in kind,  
 Much virtue there is in a *pot*, &c.

And I mean not to taste, though thereby much grat'r,  
 Nor the *stomach* go-down without pull or hale,  
 Perfuming the throat, when the stomach's afloat,  
 With the Fragrant sweet scent of a *pot*, &c.

Nor yet the delight that comes to the *Sight*  
 To see how it flowers and mantles in grails,  
 As green as a *Leek* with a smile in the cheek,  
 The true orient colour of a *pot*, &c.

But I mean the *Mind*, and the good it doth find;  
 Not only the *Body* so feeble and fraile;  
 For, *Body* and *Soul* may bless the *black-bottle*,  
 Since both are beholden to a *pot*, &c.

For,

For when heaviness the mind doth oppress,  
And sorrow and grief the heart do assaile,  
No remedy quicker than to take off your liquor,  
And to wash away cares with a pot, &c.

The widow that buried her Husband of late,  
Vill soon have forgotten to weep and to waile,  
And think every day twain till she marry again,  
If she read the contents of a pot, &c.

It is like a belly-blatt to a cold heart,  
And warms and engenders the spirits vitale,  
To keep them, from damage, all spirits owe their ho-  
To the Sprite of the buttery a pot, &c. (mage

And down to the legs the vertue doth go,  
And to a bad Foot-man is as good as a saile,  
When it fills the Veins, and makes light the Brains.  
No Lackey so nimble as a pot, &c.

The naked complains for want of a coat,  
Nor on the cold weather will once turn his tale:  
All the way as he goes, he cuts the wind with his Nose,  
If he be but well wrapt in a pot, &c.

The hungry man takes no thought for his meat,  
Though his stomach would break a ten-penny nail;  
He quite forgets hunger, thinks on no longer,  
If he touch but the sparks of a pot, &c.

(88)  
The poor man will praise it, so hath he good cause,  
That all the year eats neither *Parrisag* nor *Quaile*,  
But sets up his rest, and makes up his Feast  
VVith a crust of brown bread, and a pot, &c.

The *Shepherd*, the *Sower*, the *Treasher*, the *Mower*,  
The one with his *Scythe*, the other with his *Flaile*,  
Take them out by the poll, on the perill of my loss,  
All will hold up their hands to a pot, &c.

The *Black Smith* whose bellows all Summer do blow,  
VVith the Fire in his Face still, without e're a yaile.  
Though his throat be full dry, he will tell you no lye.  
But where you may be sure of a pot, &c.

VVho ever denies it, the Prisoners will praise it,  
That beg at Grate, and lye in the *Goale*;  
For, even in their *Fetters*, they think themselves better,  
May they get but a two-penny black pot of Ale.

The *Beggar* whose portion is alwaies his prayers,  
Not having a tatter to hang on his taile,  
Is as rich in his raggs, as the churle in his bags,  
If he once but shakes hands with a pot, &c.

It drives his poverty clean out of mind,  
Forgetting his *brawl* and *brake*, his *walks* and *maile*;  
He walks in the house like a six-footed Louse,  
If he once be enrich'd with a pot, &c.

And he that doth dig in the ditch's all day,  
 And wearies himself quite at the plough-tail,  
 VVill speak no less things than of *Queens* and of *Kings*,  
 If he touch but the top of a *pot*, &c.

'Tis like a VVhetstone to a *blunt wit*,  
 And makes a supply where Nature doth fail;  
 The dullest wit soon will look quite through the *Moon*,  
 If his temples be wet with a *pot*, &c.

Then DICK to his *Dearling*, full boldly dares speak,  
 Though, before (filly fellow) his courage did quail,  
 He gives her the *smouch*, with his hand on his pouch,  
 If he meet by the way with a &c.

And it makes the *Carter* a *courtier* straight-way;  
 VVith *Rhetorical* terms he will tell his tale,  
 VVith *Courtesies* great store, and his Cap up before,  
 Being school'd but a little with a &c.

The *Old man*, whose tongue wags faster then his teeth,  
 (For old-age by nature doth drivel and drale)  
 VVill frig and will sing, like a dog in a string,  
 If he warm his cold blood with a &c.

And the good *Old clark*, whose sight waxeth dark,  
 And ever he thinketh the print is too small,  
 He will see every letter, and say *Service* better,  
 If he glaze but his eyes with a &c.

The *Cheeks* and the *Jawes* to commend it have caus'd;  
 For whete they were late but even wan and pale,  
 They will get them a colour, no *Crimson* is fuller,  
 By the true die and tincture of a *pot*, &c.

Mark her Enemies, though they think themselves wise,  
 How *meager* they look, with how low a waile,  
 How their cheeks do fall, without *sp* rits at all,  
 That alien their minds from a *pot*, &c.

And now that the grains do work in my brains,  
 Me thinks I were able to give by retaile  
 Commodities store, a dozen and more,  
 That flow to Mankind from a *pot*, &c.

The *MUSES* would muse any should it misuse:  
 For it makes them to sing like a *Nightingale*,  
 With a lolly trim note, having washed their throats  
 With the *Caballine* Spring of a *pot*, &c.

And the *Musician* of any condition,  
 It will make him reach to the top of the *Scale*:  
 It will clear his pipes, and moisten his lights,  
 If he drink *alternatim* a *pot*, &c.

The *Poet* Divine, that cannot reach wine,  
 Because that his mony doth many times faile,  
 Will hit on the vein to make a good strain,  
 If he be but inspir'd with a *pot*, &c.



For Ballads *ELDERTON* never had Peeg,  
How went his wit in them, with how merry a Gale,  
And with all the Sails up, had he been at the Cup,  
And washed his beard with a pot, &c.

And the power of it shoves, no whit less in Prose,  
It will file one's phrase, and set forth his Tale  
Fill him but a Bowle, it will make his Tongue trou-  
For flowing speech flows from a pot, &c.

And Master *Philosopher*, if he drink his part,  
VVill not trifle his time in the bushe or the shale,  
But to go to the kernel by the depth of his Art,  
To be found in the bottom of a pot, &c.

Give a *Scholar* of *OXFORD* a pot of Sixteen,  
And put him to prove that an Ape hath no taile,  
And sixteen times better his wit will be seen,  
If you fetch him from *Bosley* a pot, &c.

Thus it helps speech and wit, and it hurts not a whit,  
But rather doth further the *Virtues Morale*,  
Then thinks it not much if a little touch  
The good moral parts of a pot, &c.

To the Church and Religion it is a good Friend,  
Or else our Fore-Fathers their wisdom did feele  
That at every mile, next to the Church stile,  
Set a consecrate house to a pot, &c.

But now, as they say, *Beer* bears it away;  
 The more is the pity if right might prevail:  
 For, with this same *Beer*, came up *Heretic* here,  
 The old *Catholic* drink is a *pot*, &c.

The *Churches* much owe, as we all do know;  
 For when they be drooping and ready to fall,  
 By a *Whitson* or *Church Ale*, up again they shall go,  
 And owe their repairing to a &c.

*Truth* will do it right, it brings *Truth* to light,  
 And many bad matters it helps to reveal:  
 For, they that will drink, will speak what they think;  
 TOM Tell-truth lies hid in a &c.

It is *Justice's* friend, she will it commend:  
 For, all is here served by *Measure* and *sale*:  
 Now, *true-tale*, and good *measure*, are *Justice's* treasure,  
 And much to the praise of a &c.

And next I alludge, it is *Fortitude's* edge:  
 For, a very *Cow-heart*, thus shrinks like a *Snail*,  
 Will swear and will swagger, and out goes his *Dagger*,  
 If he be but armed with a &c.

Yes, *ALL* hath her *Knights* and *Squires* of degree,  
 That never wore *Coats*, nor yet shire of mail,  
 But have fought their fight, with the *pot* & the wall  
 When once they were dubb'd with a &c.

And

And (sure) it will make a man suddenly wise,  
 Ere-while was scarce able to tell a right tale;  
 It will open his jaw, he will tell you the story,  
 As made a right *Bencher* of a *pot*, &c.

Or he that will make a *bargain* to gain,  
 In buying or selling his goods forth to sale,  
 Must not plod in the mire, but sit by the fire,  
 And seal up his *Match* with a *pot*, &c.

But for *Soberness*'s needs, must I confess,  
 The matter goes hard; and few do prevail  
 Not to go too deep, but temper to keep,  
 Such is the *Art* of a *pot*, &c.

But here's an amends, which will make all Friends,  
 And ever doth tend to the best avail;  
 If you take it too deep it will make you but sleep;  
 So comes no great harm of a *pot*, &c.

If (reeling) they happen to fall to the ground,  
 The fall is not great, they may hold by the Railing;  
 If into the water, they cannot be drown'd,  
 For that gift is given to a *pot*, &c.

If drinking about they chance to fall out,  
 Fear not that *flame*, though flesh be but frail;  
 It will prove but some blows, or at most a bloody nose,  
 And friends again straight with a *pot*, &c.

And

And *Physick* will favour *ALE* as it is bound;  
 And be against *Beer* both tooth and nail;  
 They send up and down all over the town  
 To get for their Patients a pot, &c.

Their *Ale-berries*, *cawdels* and *passers* each one;  
 And *Syllabubs* made at the *Milking-pale*,  
 Although they be many, *Beer* comes not in any,  
 But all are compos'd with a pot, &c.

And in very deed the *Hop's* but a weed  
 Brought o're against Law, and here set to sale;  
 Would the Law were renew'd, and no more *Beer* brew'd  
 But all men betake them to a pot, &c.

The Law that will take it under his wing,  
 For, at every *Lax-day*, or *Moort of the hale*,  
 One is sworn to serve our *Soveraigne the King*,  
 In the ancient *Office* of a *Conner of Ale*.

There's never a *Lord of Manner* or of a *Town*,  
 By strand or by Land, by hill or by dale,  
 But thinks it a *Franchise*, and a *Flowr* of the *Crown*,  
 To hold the *Affice* of a pot, &c.

And though there lie *Writs*, from the *Courts Paramount*,  
 To stay the proceedings of the *Courts Parvaile*,  
 Law favours it so, you may come, you may go,  
 There lies no *Prohibition* to a pot, &c.

They

They talk much of State both early and late,  
 But if *Gaseiga* and *Spain* their wine should but fall,  
 No remedy then, with us *Englishmen*,  
 But the State it must stand by a *pot*, &c.

And they that sit by it, are good men and quiet,  
 No dangerous *Plotters* in the Common-wealth  
 Of *Treason* and *Murder*: For they never go further  
 Then to call for, and pay for a *pot*, &c.

To the praise of *Gambivins* that good *British* King  
 That devis'd for his Nation, by the *well-known* tale  
 Seventeen hundred years before *Christ* did spring,  
 The happy invention of a *pot*, &c.

The *Norish* they will praise it, & praise it with passion,  
 Where every *River* gives name to a *Dale*,  
 There men are yet living that are of the old *Saxon*  
 No *Norish* they know but a *pot*, &c.

The *Pills* and the *Scots* for *Als* were at *loss*,  
 So high was the skill, and so kept under *seal*,  
 The *Pills* were undone, for in each mothers *loin*,  
 For not reaching the *Scots* to make *Heber* *Edin*.

But hither or thither, in skills not much *where*  
 For *Drink* must be had, and *neither* nor by *Keel*,  
 Not by *Heber* *Edin*, nor by *Heber* *Edin*,  
 The thing the *Scots* live on is a *pot*, &c.

Now

Now, if ye will say it, I will not deny it;  
That many a man it brings to his baile;  
Yet, what fairer end, can one wish to his friend;  
Then to die by the part of a &c.

Yet, let not the innocent bear any blame  
It is their own doings, to break ore the pale;  
And whether the Male, nor the good VVr<sup>e</sup> in fault;  
If any be ported with a &c.

They tell whom it kills, but say not a word,  
How many a man I've both sound and hale;  
Though he drink no Beer, any day in the year,  
By the Radical humor of a &c.

Be it said of killing, that am I not willing,  
For that's a manner, were but so rail;  
But BEEB hath its name, cause it brings to the Reins;  
Therefore well-fare say I, to a &c.

Too many (I wis) with their deaths, poysoned this  
And therefore, if ancient Records do not fail;  
He that first brought this Beer, was rewarded with a Reel;  
And found his Beer far more bitter than Ale.

O for a Minister thou livest of this  
That's a good name, as good as any that  
For mine is now little to touch the least bit  
That belongs to the praise of a &c.

Thus (I crow) some *Vertues* I have mark'd you out,  
 And never a *Vice* in all this long traile,  
 But that after the *Pot* there cometh a *Shot*,  
 And that's th' only *blot* of a *pot*, &c.

VVith that my Friend said, that blot will I bear,  
 You have done very well, it is time to strike saile,  
 VVee'l have six pots more, though I dy on the score,  
 To make all this good of a *Pot* of good *ALL*.

FINIS